

"I've faced worse stunts than this," she said quite cheerfully, just before the doctors came, the removal of the anxiety of others being obviously her chief thought. But the spirit, which had so often triumphed over bodily weakness and pain, had now too hard a task. On the evening of Tuesday, the 19th July, almost exactly 48 hours after she had had to abandon her last attempt to serve the temperance cause, and after some hours of sleep, the unruffled calm of which it will always be a comfort to contemplate, she passed peacefully away.

JULY 21st, 1921.

"Her children arise and call her blessed."

She hath seen "the King in His beauty, and the land that is very far off." Far off? No, not far, but very near to those who can realise it, for is not all life one to Him, and is He not everywhere? The church in Vivian Street was crowded that afternoon by the many friends of our sister who had passed on, desiring to pay their tribute of love and appreciation to one who had borne so noble a part in the work of the world, and had fought so unflinchingly for the right. The gleams of winter sunshine fell on the mass of lovely wreaths and flowers—violets, snowflakes, and other white flowers—that covered the coffin, placed in front of the pulpit—fit emblems of the truth and purity of her whose physical body lay below, and who surely was present in spirit with those she loved, though invisible to mortal eyes. The strains of the organ, "Peace, perfect peace," falling upon the silence, the familiar words of Scripture, speaking of the bliss of those who have passed through great tribulation, but who now rest from their labours, the well-known hymns, "O God, our Help in Ages Past," and "Jesu, Lover of My Soul," all shed around an atmosphere of quiet and peace, while one after another of her fellow-workers spoke of the beautiful life just ended here on earth, but continued "on the other side," and of the inspiration such a life should be to those still left to carry on the fight against evil.

"They rest from their labours"; yet it is not the rest of inaction, and those whose privilege it is to continue the work in which she took so large a part will surely feel the strength of her presence, as well as the inspiration of her memory. Together shall we still labour, and together shall we rejoice when the hour of victory shall come; such were the thoughts that filled our hearts in that peaceful hour. Then again the voice of the organ broke upon the silence—"I know that My Redeemer Liveth," and to its strains the procession passed out of the church, and followed by representatives of the various organisations in which she had been so prominent a figure, wound up the hills to the quiet spot where lie so many of those who have gone before. There the last words of the service were spoken, and there the body of our sister was "committed to the flames." Yet, notwithstanding the sense of loss which those left behind must feel, there could be no sadness, for we knew that the spirit, freed from all earthly encumbrances, had entered upon a fuller life, in the realisation of the presence of Him Whom she had served so faithfully in the life below.

"Never the spirit was born, the spirit shall cease to be never,

Never the time it was not, end and beginning are dreams;

Birthless, deathless, changeless, remaineth the spirit for ever;

Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems.

Nay, but as when one layeth

His worn-out robes away,
And taking new ones, sayeth,

These will I wear to-day;
So putteth by the spirit

Lightly its garment of flesh,
And passeth to inherit

A residence afresh."

To us who still remain on earth is left the task of keeping alive the flame of love and service which she helped to kindle for the strengthening and guidance of those who are struggling to rise out of the depths of sin and sorrow to the brighter life which awaits us all in that land where sorrow and sin and death are unknown.

A TRIBUTE FROM OUR DOMINION PRESIDENT, MRS DON.

Mrs Lily May Atkinson, wife of the N.Z. Alliance President, was a daughter of the late Professor Kirk, for many years at the head of the N.Z. Government Horticulture Department, a fine Scotch gentleman of the old school, to whose companionship and teaching she owed much of her grasp of public questions. Her mother, the late Mrs Kirk, was for many years the honoured President of the Wellington District Union, while her sisters have also held office. As Miss L. M. Kirk she joined the N.Z. W.C.T.U. at the time of its inception in 1884, being elected Recording Secretary, and to her fine intellectual, effective platform gifts and devoted service, the success of the organisation in those early years was undoubtedly largely due. Although from the first an ardent Prohibitionist, with a true White Ribbon instinct, her sympathies were extended to all in need of help. Mrs Atkinson's frequent attendances at the House not only kept her abreast of the politics of her day, but gave her such an intimate acquaintance with Parliamentary usage, as was absolutely invaluable to the W.C.T.U., in which for many years she acted as referee on all points of law. She retained the position of Dominion Recording Secretary until elected President, which office she held until about 1908, when she declined nomination on the ground of family duties. Not long before her marriage Miss L. M. Kirk did yeoman service for several months prior to the Local Option poll as an organiser for the N.Z. Alliance, visiting the far away backblocks, always working strenuously. Her steady, agreeable temperament and unfailing courtesy made her a valued comrade, greatly beloved, as all who had the privilege of working with her can testify. With her clear vision, her wise counsel, her ungrudging service, her gift of speech and earnest, appealing eloquence, her power in prayer, and calm faith in God, she has been a constant help and inspiration, and has accomplished much in the interest of all that is highest and best in the life of the Dominion. Though her voice is now silent, her influence still lives, and she, with other pioneers who are now